

More venturous, or desperate then this.

Basf. I thinke this *Talbot* be a Fiend of Hell.

Reig. If not of Hell, the Heauens sure fauour him.

Alanf. Here commeth *Charles*, I maruell how he sped?

Enter Charles and Ioane.

Basf. Tut, holy *Ioane* was his defensue Guard.

Charl. Is this thy cunning, thou deccitfull Dame?

Didst thou at first, to flatter vs withall,

Make vs partakers of a little gayne,

That now our losse might be ten times so much?

Ioane. Wherefore is *Charles* impatient with his friend?

At all times will you haue my Power alike?

Sleeping or waking, must I still preuayle,

Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?

Improuident Souldiours, had your Watch been good,

This sudden Mischiefe neuer could haue salue.

Charl. Duke of *Alanson*, this was your default,

That being Capitaine of the Watch to Night,

Did looke no better to that weightie Charge.

Alanf. Had all your Quarters been as safely kept,

As that whereof I had the gouernment,

We had not bene thus shamefully surpriz'd.

Basf. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my Lord.

Charl. And for my selfe, most part of all this Night

Within her Quarter, and mine owne Precinct,

I was imploy'd in passing to and fro,

About relieuing of the Centinels.

Then how, or which way, should they first breake in?

Ioane. Question (my Lords) no further of the case,

How or which way; 'tis sure they found some place,

But weakly guarded, where the breach was made:

And now there rests no other shift but this,

To gather our Souldiours, scatter'd and disperct,

And lay new Plat-formes to endamage them.

Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter a Souldier, crying, a *Talbot*, a *Talbot*:
they flye, leauing their Clothes behind.

Sould. He be so bold to take what they haue left:

The Cry of *Talbot* serues me for a Sword,

For I haue loaden me with many Spoyles,

Vsing no other Weapon but his Name. *Exit.*

Enter Talbot, Bedford, Burgundie.

Bedf. The Day begins to breake, and Night is fled,

Whose pitchy Mantle ouer-vayl'd the Earth.

Here found Retreat, and cease our hot pursuit. *Retreat.*

Talb. Bring forth the Body of old *Salisbury*,

And here aduance it in the Market-Place,

The middle Centure of this cursed Towne.

Now haue I pay'd my Vow vnto his Soule:

For euery drop of blood was drawne from him,

There hath at least fise Frenchmen dyed to night.

And that hereafter Ages may behold

What ruine happened in reuenge of him,

Within their chiefeft Temple He erect

A Tombe, wherein his Corps shall be interr'd:

Vpon the which, that euery one may reade,

Shall be engrau'd the sacke of *Orleance*,

The trecherous manner of his mournfull death,

And what a terror he had bene to France,

But Lords, in all our bloody Massacre,

I muse we met not with the Dolphins Grace,

His new-come Champion, vertuous *Ioane* of *Acce*,
Nor any of his false Confederates.

Bedf. 'Tis thought Lord *Talbot*, when the fight began,

Row'd on the sudden from their drowie Beds,

They did amongst the treupes of armed men,

Leape o're the Walls for refuge in the field,

Burg. My selfe, as farre as I could well discern,

For smoake, and duskie vapours of the night,

Am sure I fear'd the Dolphin and his Trull,

When Arme in Arme they both came swiftly running,

Like to a payre of louing Turtle-Doues,

That could not liue asunder day or night.

After that things are set in order here,

Wee'll follow them with all the power we haue.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hayle, my Lords: which of this Princely trayne

Call ye the Warlike *Talbot*, for his Acts

So much applauded through the Realme of France?

Talb. Here is the *Talbot*, who would speak with him?

Mess. The vertuous Lady, Countesse of *Queberge*,

With modestie admiring thy Renowne,

By me entreats (great Lord) thou would'st vouchsafe

To visit her poore Castle where she lyes,

That she may boast she hath beheld the man,

Whose glory fills the World with lowd report.

Burg. Is it euen so? Nay, then I see our Wartes

Will turne vnto a peacefull Comick sport,

When Ladyes craue to be encountred with.

You may not (my Lord) despise her gentle suit.

Talb. Ne're trust me then: for when a World of men

Could not preuayle with all their Oratorie,

Yet hath a Womans kindnesse ouer-rul'd:

And therefore tell her, I returne great thanks,

And in submission will attend on her.

Will not your Honors beare me company?

Bedf. No, truly, 'tis more then manners will:

And I haue heard it sayd, Vnbidden Guests

Are often welcommet when they are gone.

Talb. Well then, alone (since there's no remedie)

I meane to proue this Ladyes courtlesie.

Come hither Capitaine, you perceiue my minde.

Whispers.

Capt. I doe my Lord, and meane accordingly. *Exeunt.*

Enter Countesse.

Count. Porter, remember what I gaue in charge,

And when you haue done so, bring the Keyes to me.

Port. Madame, I will. *Exit.*

Count. The Plot is layd, if all things fall our right,

I shall as famous be by this exploit,

As Scythian *Tomyris* by *Cyrus* death.

Great is the rumour of this dreadfull Knight,

And his atchieuements of no lesse account:

Faine would mine eyes be witnessse with mine eares,

To giue their censure of these rare reports.

Enter Messenger and Talbot.

Mess. Madame, according as your Ladyship desir'd,

By Message crau'd, so is Lord *Talbot* come.

Count. And he is welcome: what? is this the man?

Mess. Madame, it is.

Count. Is this the Scourge of France?

Is this the *Talbot*, so much fear'd abroad?

That with his Name the Mothers still their Babes?

I see Report is fabulous and false.

I thought I should haue seene some *Hercules*,

A second *Hebor*, for his grim aspect,

And large proportion of his strong knit Limbes.

Alas, this is a Child, a silly Dwarfie:

It cannot be, this weake and writhled shrimpe

Should strike such terror to his Enemies.

Talb. Madame, I haue bene bold to trouble you:

But since your Ladyship is not at leysure,

Ile fort some other time to visit you.

Count. What meanes he now?

Mess. Stay my Lord *Talbot*, for my Lady craues,

To know the cause of your abrupt departure?

Talb. Marry, for that shee's in a wrong beleefe,

I goe to certifie her *Talbot's* here.

Enter Porter with Keyes.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou Prisoner.

Talb. Prisoner? to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirstie Lord:

And for that cause I trayn'd thee to my House.

Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,

For in my Gallery thy Picture hangs:

But now the substance shall endure the like,

And I will chayne these Legges and Armes of thine,

That hast by Tyrannie these many yeeres

Wasted our Countrey, flaine our Citizens,

And sent our Sonnes and Husbands captiuate.

Talb. Ha, ha, ha.

Count. Laughst thou Wretch?

Thy mirth shall turne to moane.

Talb. I laugh to see your Ladyship so fond,

To thinke, that you haue ought but *Talbot's* shadow,

Whereon to practise your feueritie.

Count. Why? art not thou the man?

Talb. I am indeede.

Count. Then haue I substance too.

Talb. No, no, I am but shadow of my selfe:

You are deceiud, my substance is not here;

For what you see, is but the smallest part,

And least proportion of Humanitie:

I tell you Madame, were the whole Frame here,

It is of such a spacious loftie pitch,

Your Roofe were not sufficient to contain't.

Count. This is a Riddling Merchant for the nonce,

He will be here, and yet he is not here:

How can these contraries agree?

Talb. That will I shew you presently.

Winds his Horne, Drummes strike vp, a Peale

of Ordinance: Enter Souldiours.

How say you Madame? are you now perswaded,

That *Talbot* is but shadow of himselfe?

These are his substance, sinewes, armes, and strength,

With which he yoketh your rebellious Neckes,

Razeth your Cities, and subuerbs your Townes,

And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious *Talbot*, pardon my abuse,

I finde thou art no lesse then Fame hath bruided,

And more then may be gathered by thy shape.

Let my presumption not prouoke thy wrath,

For I am sorry, that with reuerence

I did not entertaine thee as thou art.

Talb. Be not dismay'd, faire Lady, nor misconsider

The minde of *Talbot*, as you did mistake

The outward composition of his body:

What you haue done, hath not offended me:

Nor other satisfaction doe I craue,

But onely with your patience, that we may

Taste of your Wine, and see what Cates you haue,

For Souldiours stomacks alwayes serue them well.

Count. With all my heart, and thinke me honored,

To feast so great a Warrior in my House. *Exeunt.*

Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, Somerset,

Poole, and others.

York. Great Lords and Gentlemen,

What meanes this silence?

Dare no man answer in a Case of Truth?

Suff. Within the Temple Hall we were too lowd,

The Garden here is more conuenient.

York. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the Truth:

Or else was wrangling *Somerset* in th'error?

Suff. Faith I haue bene a Truant in the Law,

And neuer yet could frame my will to it,

And therefore frame the Law vnto my will.

Som. Iudge you, my Lord of *Warwicke*, then be-

twene vs.

War. Between two Hawks, which flies the higher pitch,

Between two Dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,

Between two Blades, which beares the better temper,

Between two Horses, which doth beare him best,

Between two Girles, which hath the merriest eye,

I haue perhaps some shallow spirit of Iudgement:

But in these nice sharpe Quillets of the Law,

Good faith I am no wiser then a Daw.

York. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:

The truth appeares so naked on my side,

That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparrell'd,

So cleare, so shining, and so euident,

That it will glimmer through a blind-mans eye.

York. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loth to speake,

In dumbe significants proclayme your thoughts:

Let him that is a true-borne Gentleman,

And stands vpon the honor of his birth,

If he suppose that I haue pleaded truth,

From off this Bryer pluck a white Rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no Coward, nor no Flatterer,

But dare maintaine the partie of the truth,

Pluck a red Rose from off this Thorne with me.

War. I loue no Colours: and without all colour

Of base insinuating flatterie,

I pluck this white Rose with *Plantagenet*.

Suff. I pluck this red Rose, with young *Somerset*,

And say withall, I thinke he held the right.

Vernon. Stay Lords and Gentlemen, and pluck no more

Till you conclude, that he vpon whose side

The fewest Roses are cropt from the Tree,

Shall yeeld the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good Master *Vernon*, it is well obiected:

If I haue fewest, I subscribe in silence.

York. And I.

Vernon. Then for the truth, and plainnesse of the Case,

I pluck this pale and Maiden Blossome here,

Giuing my Verdict on the white Rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,